

The Evening World

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HOLIDAY CROWDS AND TROLLEY CARS

Coney Island never entertained a greater throng of pleasure-seekers than that which yesterday crowded that rocky resort to its capacity. How great it was at high tide in the afternoon may be estimated from the 200,000 left there late at night endeavoring to find means of transit home. It is doubtless largely due to good luck that there was no untoward accident there or at neighboring Rockaway, where nearly 100,000 spent the day. Such a congestion of holiday excursionists in a like area was probably never witnessed before. But the fact that carrying companies delivered their patrons at their homes sound of limb speaks well for the management and particularly for the fitness of the individual motormen for their duties.

The less careful country motormen did not come off so well. The accidents at Newcastle, Pa., and Denver were bad enough, the collision at Gloversville, where nearly a score were killed, deplorable. It is not surprising to learn that the cars in collision were "going at terrific speed." Speed is implied in the contract when the conductor accepts the rural passenger's ticket. It is part of the fun of the thing. City people on country trolley cars hold their breath and are not startled when the crash comes; they are only thankful to reach their destination alive.

Not Their First Experience.—The scramble for seats in the cars at Coney Island last night surprised only those not familiar with the fact that most of the crowd had served an apprenticeship in that sort of a mob at the Brooklyn Bridge entrance.

ANDREE'S FATE

Apparently authentic news from Winnipeg confirms the report of nearly three years ago of the murder of Andree by a tribe of Esquimaux in the far northwest. Relics of the intrepid and luckless explorer have been recovered by officials of the Hudson's Bay Company from the savages, among whom they had been divided up as spoils of the murder. Their arrival in Winnipeg will remove any lingering doubt of the fate of the Swedish scientist whose unique equipment gave him attempt to find the Pole a popular interest greater than that felt in the expeditions of other Arctic explorers.

The polar will-o'-the-wisp has attracted toward it the world's most adventurous spirits. Kane, Franklin, Greely, Nansen, Peary, Andree—each has been lured a little further on into the icy wilderness, which yet obstinately refuses to yield up the few secrets it is supposed to possess. With each failure the incentive grows greater, but the accomplishment remains deferred, baffling the resources of modern navigation.

Mr. Choate's Mistake.—What is a mere king that the scream of the eagle should be stilled out of respect to him? It is not difficult to understand why Ambassador Choate is "roundly criticised" for cutting short the American colony's patriotic celebration in London yesterday.

THE CASUALTIES

The firecracker does not discriminate; its victims ranged in social rank from the President's son, whose forehead was cut open by an exploding bottle into which a lighted cracker had been put, to the street arab whose scars will remind him of the day for years to come. It maimed two score juvenile celebrants in this city and rounded out the work of the toy pistol. That instrument of destruction finished the day with a record of three killed here, two in Chicago, two in Philadelphia and other single victims elsewhere.

The number of the injured is left to conjecture. But it is a legitimate inference that in the entire nation the casualties yesterday resulting from the patriotic burning of powder very easily exceeded those of a Philippine engagement.

William Blair's Quarter.—More than half a century ago William Blair, of Essex, N. J., who celebrated his nineteenth birthday yesterday, paid Commodore Vanderbilt a quarter for rowing him from Staten Island to Perth Amboy. Where is that quarter now? Does it represent a brown-stone front or a bunch of Government bonds? The loose change that went into the commodore's purse has multiplied.

THE BEGGARS OF NEW YORK

Millions Burke's gift of \$100,000 to establish a home for convalescents has marked him for the beggars—the better class of mendicants who prey upon the very rich. These are numerous enough, but the multiplication of the smaller fry of street mendicants is such as to excite the dismay of those who yield to their solicitations. How numerous they are is shown by the average of twenty-four arrests a week of beggars detected in the act of asking alms and the detail of a special police squad of four men to suppress them.

When convicted they are sent to Hart's Island, where there is a large colony of such miscreants, among them nearly two hundred "professionals" who are cripples, most of them self-maimed. One of these, a one-legged "grafter," was found to have \$2,400 in bank. The World some time ago reported the possession of a larger sum by a Harlem beggar, who had dowered his daughter handsomely to wed an Italian count. There's money in it, a fact that does not occur to the generous working girl who bestows her alms with open hand all out of proportion to her means.

A Peculiar Fortune.—The four members of the Humphreys family in Cleveland, Harlow, David, D. S. and Emma, have made a fortune of \$1,000,000 during the last ten years by selling popcorn. They started on a capital of \$100, "the opportunities for wealth are never appreciated so keenly as when some one has availed himself of one of them."

THE LITTLE GERMAN BAND

In the course of a decision which he handed down in the Centre Street Court yesterday Magistrate Cornell said: "Shooting firearms at unholy hours is the most idiotic form of celebration. For disagreeableness it beats public declamations and German bands."

German bands, indeed! "Dat leetle German band, dat leetle German band, the people cry and say oh, no! as we go through the lane!" An ear it is which is attuned to a concord of sweet sounds and its owner is probably fit for straggle and spoils. There is melody usefulness in the German band not always appreciated even by those who think more highly of it than Magistrate Cornell. It carries into remote corners music that would otherwise remain unheard by many. Some, like Mr. Tennyson, may think that in this case unheard music is sweetest, but we feel sure that a popular vote of its street-corner auditors would rank the German band above Herr Paul's Philharmonic Orchestra, "Zum, zum, zum, that is my trombone." Its notes carry content to many ears on which the name of Cornell will hereafter call with irritating impact.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

A PARADOX.

When upon the marriage question With her na we have to cope, That 'twill be a hopeless errand Is our dread and yet our hope.

ANYTHING BUT THAT.

"Who do you suppose will lose Nixon's Ship Trust?"
"Not a Transatlantic, you bet."

NEEDED GLASSES.

"Is Van Snydese nearsighted?"
"He surely is. Why, that man can't even recognize his own obligations."

SHAKESPEARE ANSWERED.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"
"The Coroner, usually."

EVIL-DO.

"I have seen but twenty summers." "You poor dear! How I pity you all the many other summers of blindness! How were you cured?"

BORROWED JOKES.

HAD HIM THERE.

Pa—Excuse me for saying it, my child, but I question the pretensions of this carter who is seeking your hand in marriage. I believe he is a false Count. Daughter—I don't see, pa, why you should object to him on that account, in the attainment of your political aspirations you have always been particularly partial to that sort of thing.—Richmond Dispatch.

NOAH'S IMPRESSION.

"Well," said the shade of Capt. Kidd to the shade of Noah, "you needn't be so nifty about not associating with me. Why, if I remember correctly, you were the original man to scout the sea, and if it hadn't been for you, fellows in my line of business would never have existed." "That's so," agreed Noah, unbending a trifle, "and I believe I have never been given due credit for making the meat trust possible."—Baltimore American.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

Meeks—Confound that man who lives next door to me, anyway!
Vogel—Why, what's wrong with him?
Meeks—Crazy, I guess. He cuts his lawn twice a week, and then my wife won't give me a minute's peace until I cut ours.—Chicago Daily News.

SOMEBODIES.

COWIE, FLORENCE—of Syracuse, who is to have charge of the horse show during the local agricultural fair, is the first woman to be thus honored.

JACOBS, W. H.—of Indianapolis, was just broken the world 1,000-mile horse-back record in a trip from Carson, Cal., to his home.

KEIN, C. P.—of St. Louis, has had the horns of the many animals he has shot converted into furniture for his house.

ROGERS, J. N.—a prominent Salinas (Cal.) Baptist, has created a stir throughout his native State by embracing Mahometanism.

SIAM, KING OF—has changed his mind and won't visit the United States this year.

WRIGHT, L. L.—of Middlebury, Vt., walked three miles to the Republican State Convention on his nineteenth birthday. And this thing he knows he can never be President.

LOVE'S TELEGRAPHY.

I sit awake, yet, waking, dream of thee,
And even my very eyeballs burn like fire
From strained gaze—intensified desire
Of seeing far, through space if so could be,
And drawing with a look thy soul to me.
Succeeding not, bethink me I'm a lyre,
And all my quivering nerves to sound aspire,
Responsive to thy lightest touch with glow.
My heart's attuned to thine—canst feel it not?
Thy thoughts are twin of mine if Love exist,
Else why this yearning past mine own control?
Thy answer comes! A current swift and hot
Makes eyelid droop as though 'twere gently kissed,
And thou and I have spoken soul to soul!
Laura Bell, in Lippincott's.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

What Did It Cost?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A merchant sold some wood and made a dollar cent gain. Had the wood cost him \$20 more he would have lost 12-2-3 cent. What was the cost of the wood, readers? M. TATTLERBAUM.

More About Soft Coal.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am most interested in the very interesting "Letters from the People." To be sure, the articles appearing under that heading are up to date, and every reader of The Evening World is afforded an opportunity to express his or her views on topics of the day. Many different subjects are discussed, but I haven't seen enough talk about stopping the soft-coal nuisance. Now that the warm weather

is here it is very annoying to and unhealthy for people who are so unfortunate as to dwell in New York City and have to breathe that stuffy air. Some of the boats burn soft coal, but it does not seem to affect New York, as most of the smoke is blown off before reaching the shores of that city.

WILLIAM H. HOGOTA, N. J.

Praise for Pungent Boy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Replying to "Distracted Mother's" letter, who asks what to do with her ten-year-old son, who is continually getting into fights with other boys who are bullies, I think a mother may be proud of a little son who protects his comrades so bravely from being bullied by larger boys than himself by meeting

them with his bare fists. It shows the right spirit, and I do not think such boys a "disgrace to any family." Of course the matter can be overdone by the boy, and therefore it should be implanted in the boy's mind that he must fight only on just provocation. Otherwise we would have to consider the boy in question the bully.

AN AMERICAN.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Let there be an agitation for shorter hours for others besides firemen and policemen. I am an attendant in the Museum of Natural History. We work from 7.30 in the morning to 5.30 at night without any dinner hour, as we eat our lunch by larger boys than himself by meeting

in the museum. We work also two

nights a week until 10 o'clock without any compensation for the same, and every Sunday in the year and also holidays. We seldom have a day off except during July and August. It is a public building and we ought to have the same hours as other institutions. I get \$1.75 a day.

The Panama Hat.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
The Panama hats are the craze and the

style.
You see these sombreros 'way off twenty mile.
Now, don't you be nervous and don't get a scare,
These hats soon go back for the diggers to wear.
F. DEIKMAN,
No. 14 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.



From burns and smoke and limbs near broke, poor Uncle Sam a sight is; While Monarch Ed in the next bed has peritiphillitis.—The Fourth is done, but lots of fun was going ere it ended; While Eddie's fun won't be begun until his wound is mended.

UNDAUNTED.



Reggy—Did you propose to Miss Snook last night?
Chawley—Yes, and I was refused.
Reggy—What did you do then?
Chawley—I went and proposed to another girl and was accepted.

MAN'S MILLINERY.



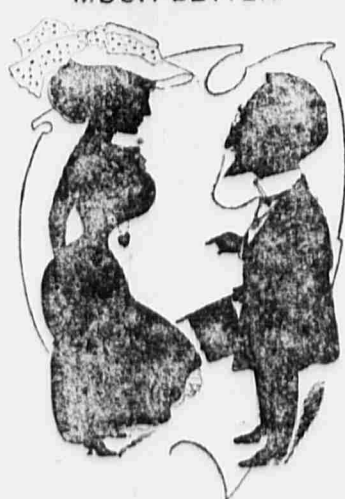
She—They say your sudden wealth has gone to your head.
He—It has—in the shape of a \$15 Panama.

COUNTED.



"Well, Mike, I haven't seen you for a whole year. I suppose you and Mary O'Brien are one by this time?"
"No; we're three."

MUCH BETTER.



"But you are so different since our marriage, Count."
"Well, my dear, that is better than being indifferent."

CRUEL.



She—Most of her acquaintances take her to be ten years younger than she really is.
He—She can't have many female acquaintances then.

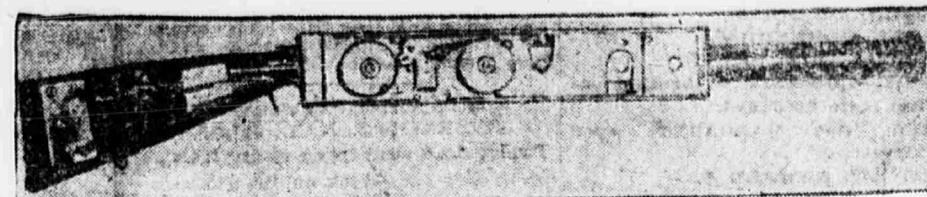
A GOOD NAME.



Mr. Helmy—Why do you call us a rubber band?
Little Helmy—I just guess it is because we are always looking at each other.

ODDITY CORNER.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERA IN FORM OF GUN.



Prof. Marey, of the French Institute, has constructed a photographic camera for instantaneous exposures which bears a strange resemblance in its form to a magazine rifle. It is asserted that the peculiar form of the camera greatly assists in overcoming the difficulty of bringing the objects to be photographed within the field and focus of the lens. It is said to enable the operator to make hundreds of exposures of a moving object within the short space of a second. The inventor is making extensive and thorough experiments with his camera at the Physiological Station in Paris, and the tests have been highly satisfactory.—Chicago Tribune.

STRAW FOR E-SHOE.

In order to prevent the bailing of snow in a horse's hoof a kind of straw shoe or sandal has been designed for use in the German Army. During the last winter the new invention has been extensively tried and with very satisfactory results.

MOST FOREIGN-ERS.

There is a larger proportion of foreign residents in Fall River than in any other city in the country. 40 per cent of her population being of alien birth. Montgomery, Ala., with 98 per cent of her population native born, comes nearest to being an all-American city.

RETRIBUTION.

Neuralgic ache in the ear, catarrh, bronchitis and inflamed eyes are some of the afflictions of chauffeurs.

FEAR OF RAIN.

The Chinese, according to Pearson's Weekly, fear rain, believing that the rain drops breed vermin.

A GOLD MINE.

And the Part It Played in a Drummer's Love Story.

"Yes, I could relate a hundred different fairy tales about gold mines," said the drummer, as he got his feet a little higher, according to the Detroit Free Press, "but I propose to give you an honest fact instead. Years ago, when I was knocking around Colorado, I came across the discouraged miner. He had a rich find, of course, but no capital to operate. He had hung on to the last. He wasn't exactly starving, but had come down to eating wire-grass and pebbles. He besought me in the name of my sainted mother to buy some stock at five cents on the dollar, and when I refused he started off to jump over a precipice and commit suicide. Of course, I called him back and invested \$5 in his stock, and, of course, he called down the blessings of heaven upon my head."
"And then years passed?" suggested one of the group.
"Yes, years passed away, and the incident was forgotten. No doubt I had to cut off my cocktails for a week on account of buying that stock, but in time I thought of it no more. Then I met a beautiful girl and fell in love."
"But her father was rich and didn't want you for a son-in-law?"
"Exactly. The girl also gave me to understand that she expected country seats, diamonds and trips to Europe. I was in love, but also in despair. I could not hope to win her without the cash, and I had no cash. In this emergency—" "Your old mining stock came to the front?" interrupted the same man.
"It did," sighed the drummer. "Yes, sir, I suddenly heard that a rich strike had been made, and that the stock was worth \$1 above par. I went to the idol of my heart and to her old man, and I was accepted and the marriage day named."
"And you were spliced and lived happy all the rest of your days, of course?"
"No, sir. The wedding day had dawned, and I was the happiest man in the world, when that stock took a tumble. It went down to two cents on the dollar. My darling shrank away from me, her father gave me the boot, and I went into the cold world a broken-hearted man."
"If you are willing to pay for it," he answered as he rose up and looked toward the barroom with eyes that told of a human wreck without hope in his heart.

POCKET LIFE-SAVER.

A new life-saving apparatus weighing one and one-third ounces has been invented by Herr De Ira, a Hamburg engineer. It is the shape and size of an ordinary pocketbook. The action of the water causes a small cartridge to explode, generating sufficient gas to enable the apparatus to sustain 26 pounds for three days. The old-time life-preserver, weighing as many as several ounces, shaped like an ordinary flask, when taken unmixt with water frequently resulted in fine and costs, with the alternative of ten days.

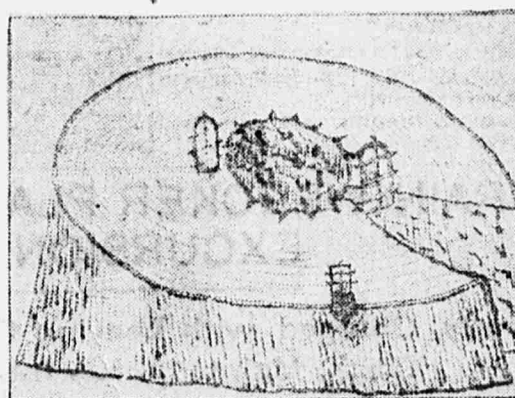
KNOW WHAT HE WANTED.

The following has been received by the editor of the Atlanta Constitution: "Gur and Friend—Do the Carnegie Library want books on Mathematics to Outside your city? I want Oule Books on Mathematics, as I am all right on Spell and am a pretty good Grammarian. If I do say it myself, I kin Spell and Grammarize, but Mathematics is one too much for me."

OIL PAINTINGS IN OAK TREE'S HEART



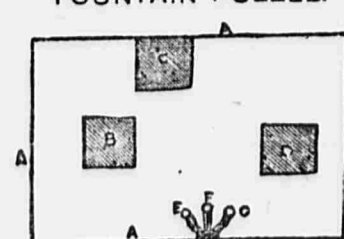
FELLED GIANT OAK WITH OIL PAINTINGS IN ITS HEART.



LOCATION OF PAINTINGS IN OAK TREE.

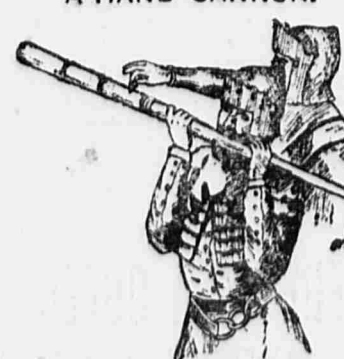
Recently a storm felled the old St. John's Oak, of Falkenfels, the largest oak of the Bavarian forest. Its trunk measured 23 feet round, and when cut up two paintings on sheet metal, protected by iron gratings, were found imbedded in it, one-third of the distance from the centre to the bark, as shown in the illustration. The pictures were on opposite sides of the tree, at equal distances from the centre. They were affixed the tree must have been four feet in diameter, as that is the distance between the pictures, and about 50 years old, as is inferred from the annual rings. At the time of its destruction it was 600 or 700 years old. The pictures are "Martyr" pictures, such as were often attached to tree by pious Catholics. A smaller picture of the Virgin, on wood, was found in a cavity before the tree fell. This is also shown in the illustration.

FOUNTAIN PUZZLE.



A is a wall, B C D three houses and E F G three fountains or canals. It is required to bring the water from D to E, from G to B, and from F to C, without one crossing the other or passing outside of the wall A.

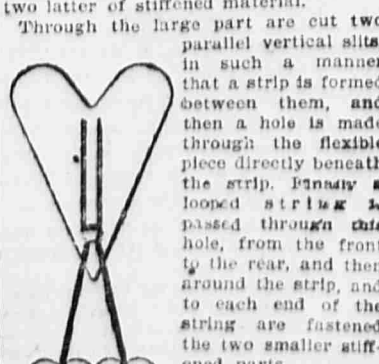
A HAND CANNON.



The first cannon were carried by soldiers, and one man held it in both hands while the other fired it.

THE LOOP PUZZLE.

Nothing is very complicated in the puzzle here shown. It consists of three parts, one large and two small, the former being made of flexible and the two latter of stiffened material.



Through the large part are cut two parallel vertical slots, in such a manner that a strip is formed between them, and then a hole is made through the flexible piece directly beneath the strip. Finally a looped string is passed through this hole, from the front to the rear, and then around the strip, and to each end of the string are fastened the two smaller stiffened parts. Any one who has pored much over puzzles will readily see that it requires rather deft manipulation to arrange these various parts properly. I over, in this puzzle the looped string plays a prominent part, and that a string of this kind is a regular will o' the wisp in all tricks is well known.